"The Fambly Album"

By

Frank Wing

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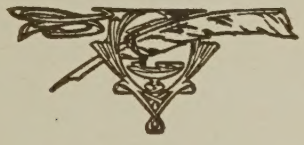
"The Fambly Album"

Another "Fotygraft Album," Shown
to the New Preacher by
Rebecca Sparks Peters
Aged Eleven

The
"Bigger Album from Upstairs"



Drawings and Text by
Frank Wing

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Chicago

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"The Fambly Album"

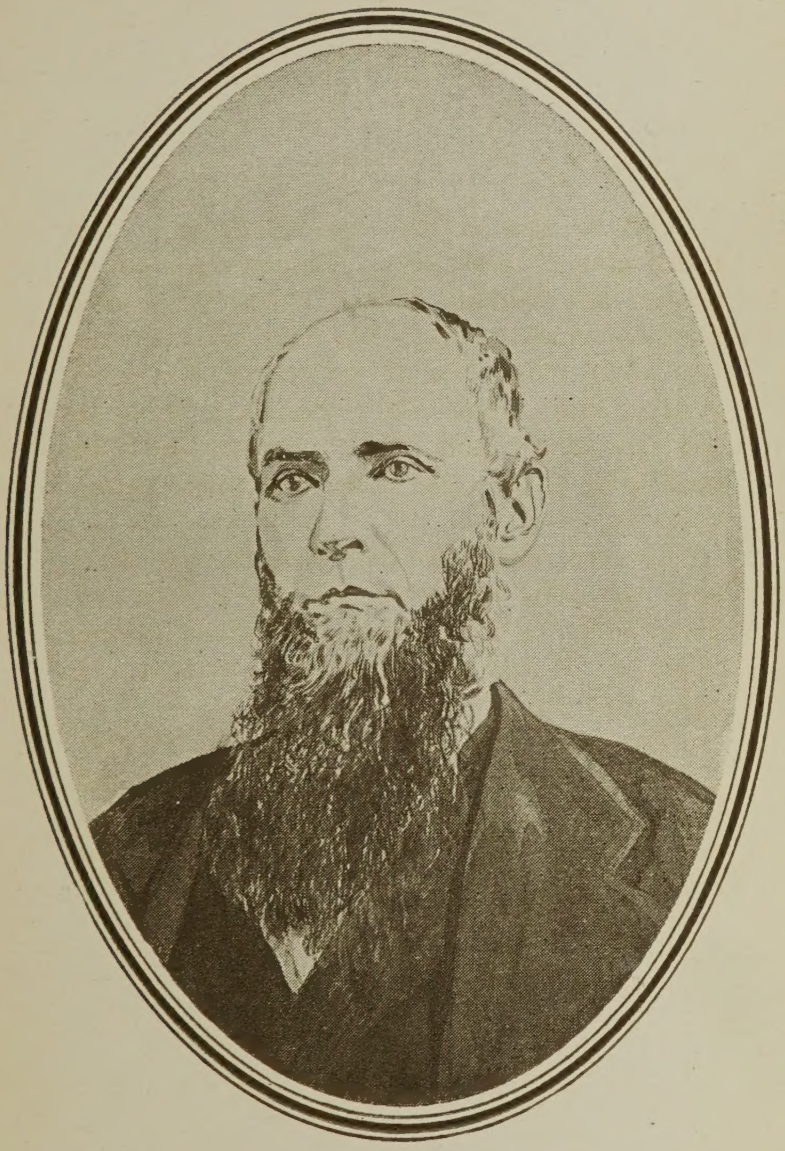
"TURN OVER"

"Oh! so this is Rev'runt Pittinger? I'm awful glad t' meet yuh. Couldn't git out t' church last Sunday, 'cause I was jist gittin' over th' chicken pox. Ma says your sermon was awful nice. She ain't t' home, I'm sorry t' say. She's went over t' Baird's t' show 'm her new crazy-quilt, but I reckon she'll be back after a bit. Set down and make yerself t' home.

"Le's see, what'll we do? We got some daisy new ster'opticun views, but ma's lent 'm. There's th' fambly album, though—Gramma Sparks's. Would yuh like t' look at that? All right; wait till I fetch a chair.

"This here first one's Rev'runt Dinwiddie. I reckon yuh know him, and ef yuh do, yuh know a mighty nice man, 's all I got t' say. Seems like I jist can't git ust t' his bein' gone.

"Turn over."



"This here's Emil Klaus. He used t' run a shop here but now he's a teacher in a barber college up t' Chicago. 'Perfessor Klaus, of th' chair of applied bay rum,' pa calls him. Mebbe pa knows what that means, but it's got *me* faded.

"Look how he's standin'—jest like he was sayin', 'Next gent!'

"Turn over."

"This here's her that was Maizie Burgstresser, ma's cousin, down t' Beardstown, but now she's Hence Trickle's wife. Pa says she's well named, fer if she don't look corn-fed, he don't want a cent. Yuh could go through me weth a fine-tooth comb and not find th' meanin' uh *that.*

"One time ma was a-showin' this album t' somebody and she got t' tellin' 'm about Maizie's romance, as she calls it. 'Yuh see,' ma says, 'there was two fellers after her and she couldn't decide betwixt 'm; so fin'ly they took and played seven-up fer her, and Hence won,' she says.

"Pa, he picked up th' album and took a good look at Maizie, then he says, 'Oh, I dunno,' he says; and say! but it made ma hoppin' mad!

"Turn over."

"That's her that was Puella Farnum, and her man, Barney Laden, that ust t' work on our farm. Ma, she give 'm a dandy weddin' and ever'thing would've jist went fine, only of course pa had t' go and spoil it all. When it come his turn t' congratcherlate 'm he steps up t' Barney and says, 'Barney,' he says, 'you shore have got a fine girl, even ef she ain't exactly fer exhibition purposes,' he says.

"Well, sir, ef it hadn't be'n fer some uh th' other men Barney'd 'a' jumped pa, right there.

"Turn over."

"Marty Dunnegan, that is, jist a neighbor boy of ourn one time, but now he lives t' Kewanee. A long time after this was took he got him a wooden laig, 'cause an in-gine had took off his real one, and onct when he was a-playin' ball, why, he was a-stumpin' in from third base fer a tally, when th' ketcher gits th' ball and runs t' tech Marty weth it. Marty tried t' dodge by, but th' ketcher nabbed him; but Marty's laig, it come off and slid acrosst th' home base. Pa was empire and he called Marty safe, 'cause one uh his feet teched th' base, yuh know.

"Say! they never done a thing but chased pa clean home, th' other side did."

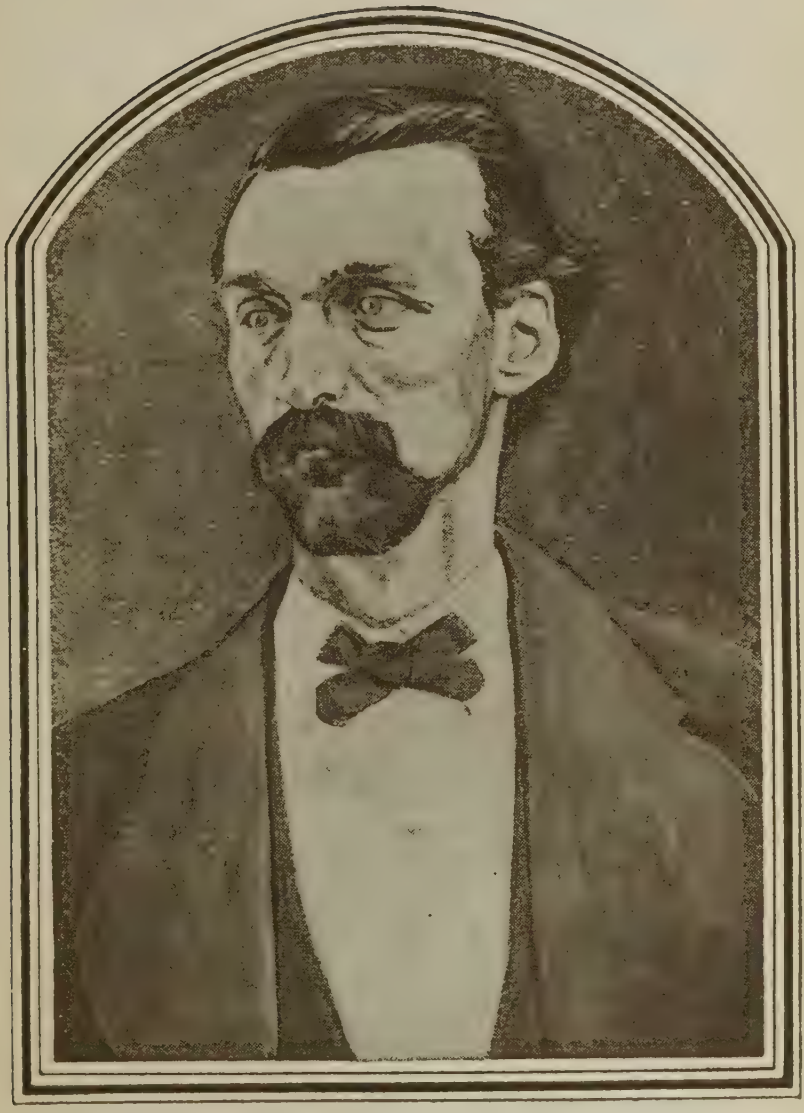
"That's Tracy Sedjwick. He's a kind of a distance cousin uh pa's and he ust t' run part of a sideshow round t' fairs and sich places. He had a bairded lady. It was jist his wife, yuh know, weth hair out'n a mattress stuck onto her face, but most people never guessed it. He called her, '*Al*-uss, th' *won*-dah, th' o-o-only oneuverkind'—jist like that. Pa, he purty nigh made Trace mad one time by hollerin' out before a big crowd, 'I hope that's so!'"

"That's young Pete Burgstresser. He's a reg'lar sport—be'n more trouble t' his folks than all th' rest of th' boys put together. Us't t' be an awful loafer, too, but now he's got a dandy job brakin' on a freight on th' main line t' th' 'Burg.

"One time, why there was an ad-ver-tise-ment in th' paper fer a book. It said, 'Send one dollar fer th' greatest book of all times. Prohibbyted in some countries. Every lollapaloozer should have one.' Pete, he sent in his dollar and got back a little testament worth about fifteen cents, as books go. Gosh! but he was mad."

"Jake Turner, that is, th' laziest feller in seven counties; but you'd jist ort t' hear him play th' juice harp! Say! but he cert'nly kin make thet thing talk!

"T'other day Mrs. Turner come over t' our house t' help ma boil soap, and pa says, 'Mornin', Sairey; where's Jake and what's he doin' these days?' Sairey, she never stopped work a secont, but answers right back, 'Oh, he's t' home; and he ain't doin' nothin' only showin' how hard he kin set,' she says."



"Ma's cousin, Marie Ant'nette Sparks. She ain't never had very good health and one time when she was awful sick and they had a consul'ation uh doctors, I guess it is yuh call it, old Doc Blithers, he says t' th' others, 'I'd rec'mend givin' her a grain uh strychnine'—I guess it was; anyhow, th' other doctors says, 'Why, man, it'll kill her!' 'Well,' says Doc, 'what ef it does? She ain't worth a cuss as she is,' he says.

"Well, sir, they done it, and Marie's alive yit.

"Turn over."

"This here's Jabez Henry, a feller that ust t' work fer Gramma Sparks. They're awful funny people, them Henrys. Jabe's father, he's a turribul hand t' blow, and one time he says, 'I kin pitch more hay'n ary man in Peory County, and Cash kin pitch as much as I kin!' he says. Cash was one of his other sons. His real name's Cashus, after one of them old Roman kings, yuh know.

"One time, when Jabe was a little feller, he says t' his pa, 'Dad,' he says, 'your head looks like a hurrah's nest,' he says—and now look at him, will yuh? He's prouder'n all git out uh that buzzly hair, Jabe is.'

"Del Sedjwick, that is, brother t' Trace, and his pardner onct in th' show business. He ust t' have a speech, Del did, somethin' like this: 'Before gradgeratin' from Oxford University, friends, I learnt that Dante, that great Eye-talian poet, onct says t' a poet called Virgil: 'What my eyes shall see my heart shall believe,' he says—and so on. It was a daisy speech, only pa says, 'Them fellers lived over a thousand years apart, Del!' 'That so?' says Del. 'Well, it might 'a' be'n a million and these jays wouldn't know no differ'nt. Know anybody that lived a million years ahead uh Dante? I'd jist as leave use him,' he says."

"Katie O'Halloran, that is. Her full name's Katherine Ursula Veronica O'Halloran, but don't nobody call her that.

"Ef she knowed we was keepin' her pitchure in here she'd burn our house down, I guess, fer she hates pa somethin' scand'lous. One time our cow got into her garden and tromped it and th' next time she seen pa, Katie give him an awful tongue lashin', and there ain't nobody can do it better. Pa, he jist stood there grinnin' and took it, but when Katie got out uh breath pa sings out, '"Aha!" she cried, and she waved her wooden laig.' That made Katie jist crucifyin' mad, fer she ain't got no wooden laig, yuh know, and she grabbed a mop and chased pa clean home."

"William Tecumsy Sherman Sparks, that is. He don't seem t' most people t' be s' awful bright, but ma says all he needs is a few more years and some edjacation t' round him out. Pa says what th' boy needs fer that is victuals, and t' stop growin'.

"Onct pa was havin' a kind of a jokin' argyment weth Tecumsy and says t' him, 'Fer it would be better ef a millstone was hung onto yer neck'—and so on; I don't know th' rest, but it's Scripture, yuh know—and Tecumsy, he snarls out, 'Aw! that darned Shakespeare ag'in!' he says.

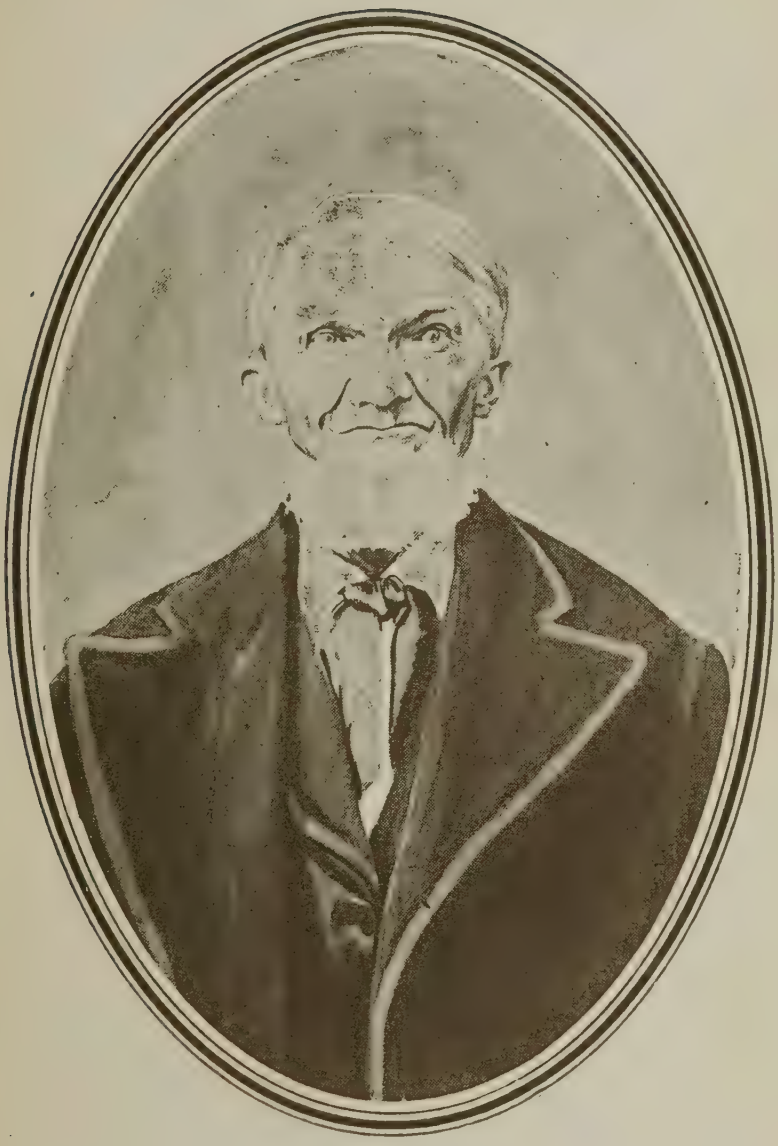
"Turn over."

"This here's old Fount Watson. He's th' greatest hand t' blow yuh ever seen, 'bout what he could do when he was 'at himself,' as he calls it, meanin' when he was his best, yuh know. One time, when he was a-jawin' along, pa says t' him, right quick, 'Fount,' he says, 'yuh never seen th' day when yuh could cheat a man out'n his eye teeth!' he says; and before he thought old Fount hollers out, 'Yuh bet b'gosh I *could* —when I was *at* myself.'

"Turn over."

"Major Bill Gowdey, that is, an old soldier that ain't never goin' t' let nobody fergit it, pa says. He carries round th' bullet that wownded him in th' back at Anty-tam, Major does, wrapped up in a piece uh tishuh paper, and shows it t' ever'body. People gits almighty tired uh that bullet, and one day pa says t' him, 'Maje,' he says, 'it'd 'a' be'n a God's mercy t' th' rest of us ef they'd 'a' left that slug in yer own tishuh,' he says.

"Sa-a-y, but th' Major was mad at pa! Him and him purty nigh had a fight."



"That's Percy Reed. He's city editor of th' Hillsboro Post. Yuh wouldn't think, t' look at him, that he was ever a green gawk of a country feller, but he was. Pa says th' first job they give Percy when he went t' work fer th' paper was t' go out t' see Bishop Finnegan. An old lady housekeeper come t' th' door and Percy says, 'Is Bishop Finnegan t' home?' he says. 'No,' says th' lady. 'Well, then,' says Percy, 'is *Mrs.* Finnegan t' home?' he says.

"Yuh see, th' joke was that th' bishop was a bacheldor—but what I can't see is, how was Percy to know that?

"Turn over."

"That there's Miz Hogue, 'as great a rascal as ever went unhung,' ma says; but pa, he kind o' admires him' cause he took pa in onct, good.

"Yuh see, he's a footracer, Miz is, and an almighty fast one. He was cousin t' th' minister of our church (Rev'runt Swope, th' secont one back before you come) and one time he come here, all duded up and wearin' a plug hat, t' visit. He 'tended all th' church meetin's and took part a little, sometimes; and he done his runnin' on th' cinder road up t' th' cemet'ry. Ever'body admired him, he was s' polite and could run s' fast.

"Well, by-m-by he took pa and one or two other men to one side and told 'm he had a match on weth a feller he could beat a mile and that it was a good chanct fer 'm t' make some money. Told 'm not t' whisper it t' a soul, 'cause he didn't want th' preacher t' know that he was a perfeshnul and run fer money.

"Well, th' long and short of it was, pa lost two hundred dollars. Yuh see, Miz throwed th' race t' th' other feller and they skipped out together. Pa says Preacher Swope looked purty glum fer a spell after that, and he wondered, pa did, whether it was altuhgether sorruh over th' lost es-tate uh Miz that made him."

"That there's Shedrach Meeshach Ab-indigo Parsons, and he's an awful good feller, I want yuh t' know, even ef he ain't white. He ust t' be in Sedjwick Brothers' Grand 'Malgamated Shows. He was called 'Th' Bood-hi, Hindu Wonder,' and it was his business t' be dressed in a turban and a robe, like all them Eye-talian people is, yuh know, when they're t' home, and t' tell fortunes; only, first Del'd have him stand out in front where people could see him, then Del'd bow down low t' him and say, 'Oh! master, wilt thou condescend t' greet th' people?' Shed, he'd look awful solemn and bug out his eyes and roll 'm, and by-m-by he'd say, 'Ush-macush, alla-magoosh,' he'd say; then he'd turn round slow and go into th' tent, and Del'd transulate what he'd said. Said it meant, 'Good mornin'; th' spirit salutes thee.' And Del allus told th' people that th' minute th' Bood-hi laid eyes on their beautiful city he said it reminded him of his native Tusculum.

"Well, sir, it was an awful cheat, but it made lots of money fer two or three years, that Hindu business did."

"That there's Sister Almetty Fishback. Don't she look like Marthy Wash'n'ton, though? Our folks can't see it, but I think she's th' spittin' image of her.

"She don't like pa, Sister Metty don't, fer one time t' a church sociable a stepladder fell over and jist hit her a glancin' lick on th' back, and she says, 'Ouch!' she says. Then pa, he says, 'Why, Sis Met, that hadn't ort to've hurt yuh none. Yer scales sh'u'd've pertected yuh,' he says."

"That there's Otto Schrader, an awful nice man, but he ain't got no arms, poor feller. One time pa seen Otto go by his offus and he says t' some fellers a-loafin' in there, 'Poor Ot! he was in here a-beggin' last week,' he says. 'Git out!' says one uh th' fellers. 'Ot wouldn't beg! He's well off.' 'I don't care ef he is,' pa says; 'he was in here a-beggin'.' 'What'd he want?' says another one uh th' fellers. 'Wanted me t' scratch his back,' pa says, and yuh'd ort to've heard them fellers holler and laugh!"

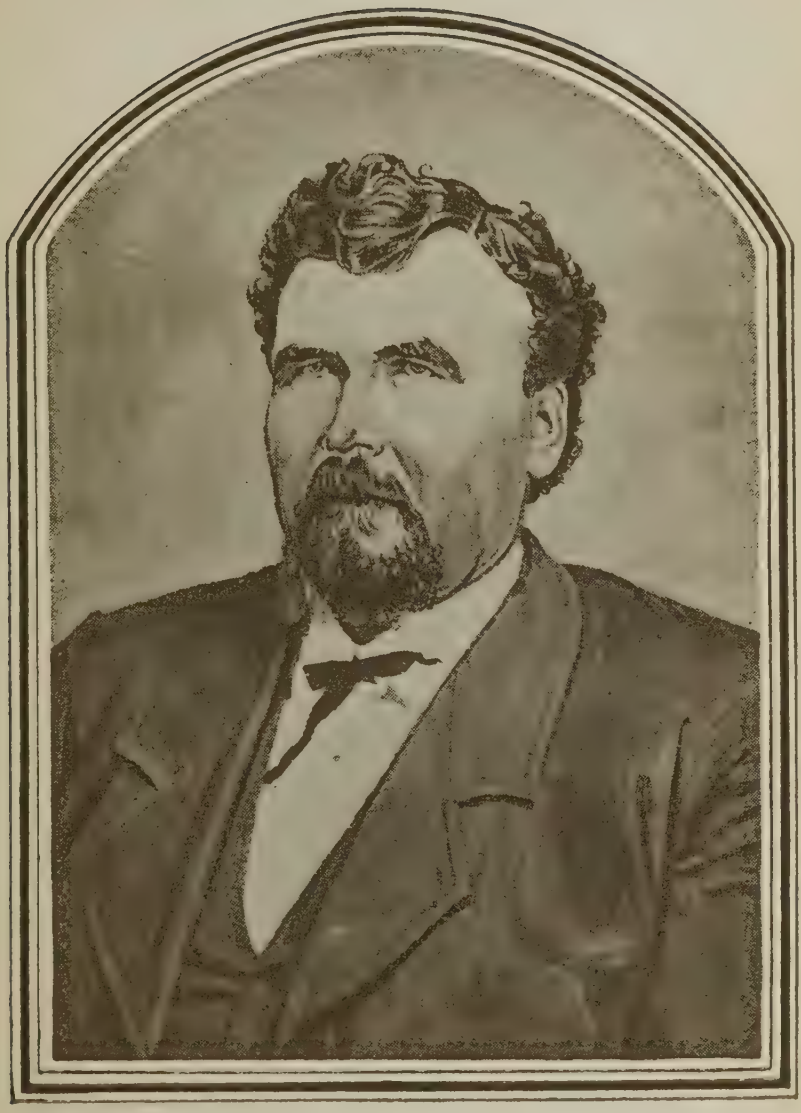
"That's Claude Percy Titmarsh, a cousin uh pa's, but he's dead now. He could crochet tidies and play th' flute.

"Turn over."

"That's Frank Trundle, He raises Polan' Chiny hogs and he looks purty much like one hisself. Onct he had a sign painted on th' roof uh his barn: 'Th' home uh th' Polan' Chiny hog—Frank Trundle,' it said, weth his name down below, y' know, like yuh sign a letter. Frank, he come t' pa and ast him what there was about that sign t' make people laugh, and pa, he says, 'Darned ef I know, Frank. I'll try and find out fer yuh,' he says; and he had Frank a-trottin' in ever' little while fer six months t' see ef pa knowed yit.

"One time a strange feller went t' th' house and ast Mrs. Trundle where was Frank, and she says, 'Out there amongst th' hogs,' she says. 'Yuh'll know him easy enough, fer he's got a hat on,' she says. Leastways, pa says that happened, and so does Uncle Charley Sparks, only *he* says it was before th' flood and's be'n told about every fat farmer sence.

"Turn over."



"Aunt Jen Peters, pa's sister, when she was a girl. She ain't s' good lookin' as what Aunt Min is (her pitchure's in our other album) but pa says she's got ten times more brains. She cert'nly is most awful smart—talented, ma calls it. Maybe sometime you'll hear her sing and recite. Her best speakin' piece, *I* think, is one she got out uh one uh them books called, 'One Hundred Choice Selections.' It's called, 'Th' Young Grayhead,' and it's jist awful sad. Her best singin' piece, most people thinks, goes like this:

"'Are we almost there, are we almost there?'
Said th' dyin' girl as she drew near home;
'Are those our popular trees that rair
Their forms so high 'g'inst th' heavens' blue dome?'

"Turn over."

"This here's ma's cousin, Seth Sparks. He's handsome, *I* think. Some folks says he looks kind o' namby-pamby, but them folks had jist ort t' try t' run over him onct!

"One time, Cousin Seth, he bet on Miz Hogue fer a footrace, and somehow he heard Miz was a-goin' t' throw th' race t' th' other feller and beat him out'n his money; so, jist as they got lined up ready t' start, Seth, he steps out by th' finish line weth a big pistol and hollers, 'Oh, Miz!' Miz, he looks up, and Seth yells:

'Come in first or yuh don't come in a-tall!' he says.

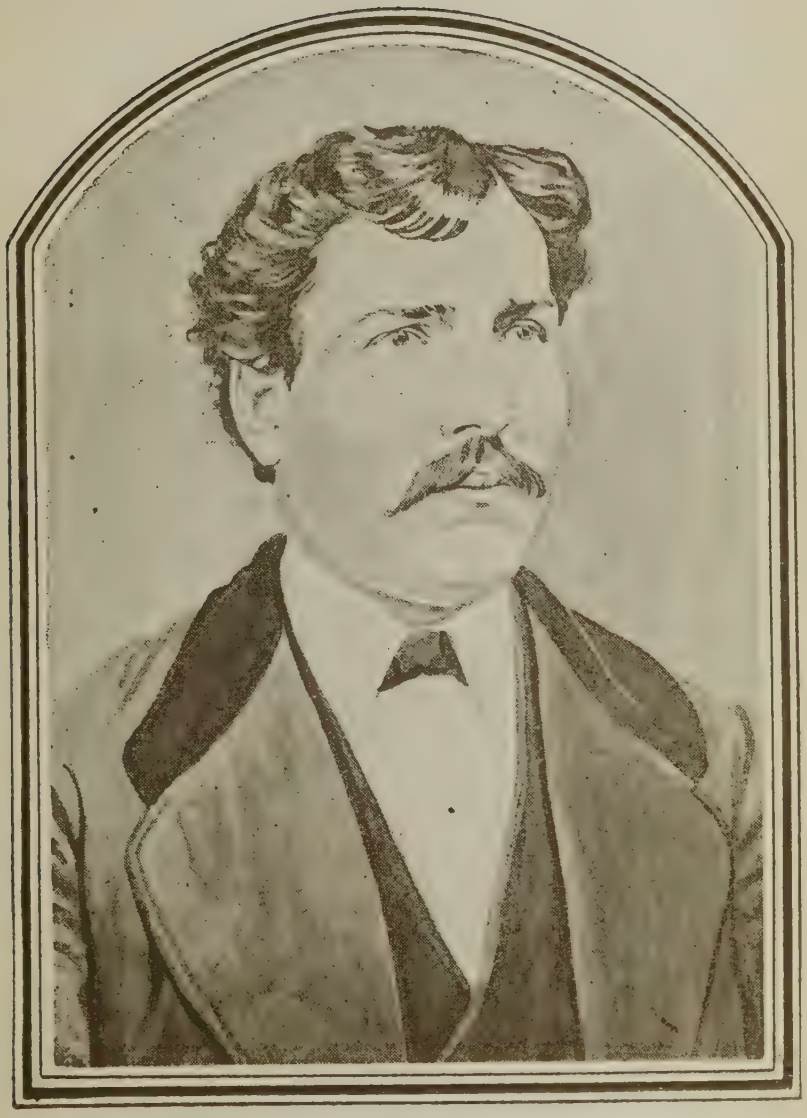
"Well, say! Miz, he didn't beat that other feller more'n a rod or two."

"That's Mary Jane Pemble. She ust t' be Gramma Sparks's hired girl. One time she got t' correspondin' weth a man through a matter-mon'al agency and by-m-by she agrees t' marry th' feller wethout never seein' him, th' silly thing! Well, when th' weddin' day come Mary was t' th' deepo t' meet him, and jist as he steps off'm th' train he drops dead uh heart disease. Mary, she took one look at him and says, 'Thank God!' she says, and come right back home and burned up her weddin' dress in th' kitchen stove.

"Pa says what ailed th' feller was th' shock when he seen Mary."

"This here's J. Tilford Judd, th' dentist. He's an awful smart feller—never had no lessons in th' trade but jist edjacated hisself, till now he's a reg'lar scientificist. He ust t' be a barber.

"Turn over."



"That's John Knox Whittleberry, that ust t' preach here—that is, he *said* that was his name. Pa says he bets he was a feller knowed t' th' police by sev'ral differ'nt names. Anyhow, he was a disgrace t' th' preachin' business and had t' skip out after a few months, 'count uh people learnin' his habits wasn't good. See! he's a-holdin' one of them cigaroots in his hand in th' pitchure, and pa says anybody that'll smoke them things'll suck aigs. But ma, she liked his sermons and says she pities th' poor, misguided wretch, so she keeps his pitchure here, 'as a warnin' t' other young men,' she says. Pa, he makes a snorin' noise when she says that.

'One time pa went into a hotel in Peory and ketched Whittleberry takin' a drink uh liquor, and he says t' him, real solemn, 'Oh! Rev'runt Whittleberry, what a shock this is t' me! Why, I couldn't 'a' be'n more supprised ef I'd ketched th' Angel Gabriel chawin' tobacker,' he says."

"That's me. It was took more'n a year ago, on Decoration Day. I remember that because it was th' day I got off a good one on pa's cousin, Charley Freemantle—a soldier, ef ever there was one, pa says, meanin' he don't like work, yuh know. Charley, he was settin' in th' parlor, a-blowin' about th' great things he was a-goin' t' do, and I ups and says, 'Huh!' I says, 'goin' to and done it's two differ'nt matters,' I says.

"Well, sir, you'd jist ort to've heard 'm laugh—all but Charley. Ma, she led me out uh there by th' ear, but when we got t' th' kitchen she kissed me and gimme a nickel.

"I don't like this pitchure one bit. Did yuh ever see a niggerer one in all yer born days?

"Turn over."

"That there's young Adoniram Burgstresser, old Ad's son. You ain't never saw him, though, have yuh? His pitchure's in our other album.

"He ain't real smart, young Ad ain't—reg'lar chucklehead, if yuh must know th' truth. One time pa and Charley Freemantle got t' arguin' about Ad, and pa says, 'Git out!' he says, 'yuh can't tell *me* nothin' about *that* lad. I've knowed him ever sence they whittled him out'n wood,' he says.

"Turn over."

"Aunt Mary Bailey, that is. Ain't she nice? She's a Quaker, only, as pa says, she don't work at it very hard, fer she will primp up some, and them people's gener'ly real plain dressers, yuh know.

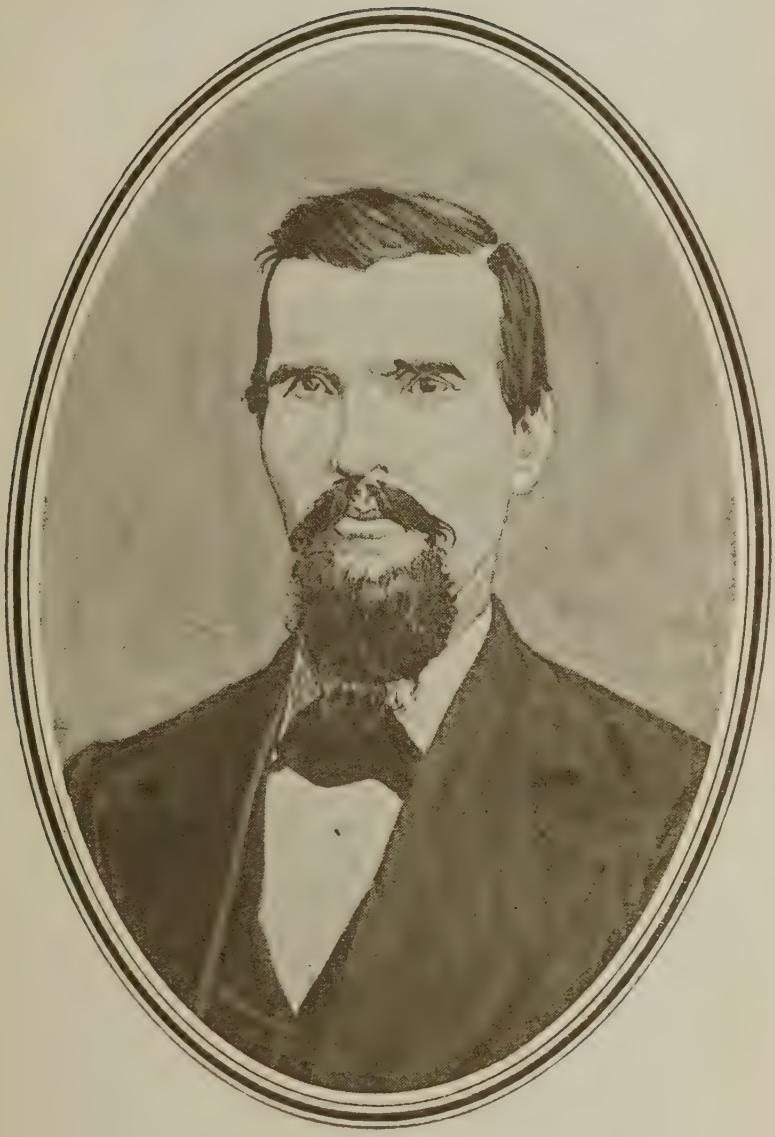
"But she can't abide noisy church doin's, Aunt Mary can't. One time she was to a revival and old Bill Pinckney come a rip-roarin' down th' aisle and stopped besides her, and hollers, 'Oh, Sister Bailey, won't yuh lift up yer voice untuh th' Lor-r-d?' And Aunt Mary, she jist says back, quiet like, 'Does thee think th' Lord is deef, William?' she says.

"Turn over."

"Doc Prentice, a feller you won't like s' very well, like's not, fer he ain't sure there's no hereafter. But he's an awful good doctor and gives more t' th' churches than most uh th' members.

"Pa, he likes Doc powerful well—likes t' drive him round th' country so's they kin talk together between places. One time they was out t' Twitchells', a fambly that pa says enjoys poor health better'n they would good. Doc, he'd got out onto th' porch t' come away, where he was helt up by one uh th' girls and th' hired man, when pa hollers, 'Hurry up, Doc, here comes th' dog in from the barn,' he says.

"Turn over."



"Martin Estey, that is, a secont cousin uh pa's. He's th' slowest talkin' feller a-livin,' I guess. Pa says one time Mart and his pa was out in th' field and somethin' got th' matter weth th' binder. Mart was monkeyin' weth th' thing, a-tryin' t' fix it, when th' horses started up and run th' needle right smack through Mart's hand; and Mart, he drawls out, 'Hold—on—paw—I'm—caught,' he says.

"Mart's awful close, too. He's runnin' th' ice cream parlor over t' Yates City now, and he's got a swarm uh bees in th' upstairs part. A while back he come into pa's offus and hung round fer a spell wethout sayin' nothin', but by-m-by he says, whiny-like, 'Merv, them bees is a-cheatin' me. They're a-puttin' more'n a pound uh honey in a comb,' he says."

"Here's Imogene Penelope Lounsbury, th' poetess. She went t' school weth ma and comes here now and then, and stays awhile, and her and ma has what pa calls 'a reg'lar, world reformin' debauch.' She wrote:

"'Oh! crush, crush, crush
This bleedin' heart!
And in thy crushin' triumph—'

"I don't know th' rest of it, but it's awful good po'try; reminds a body of Tennyson and Will Carleton.

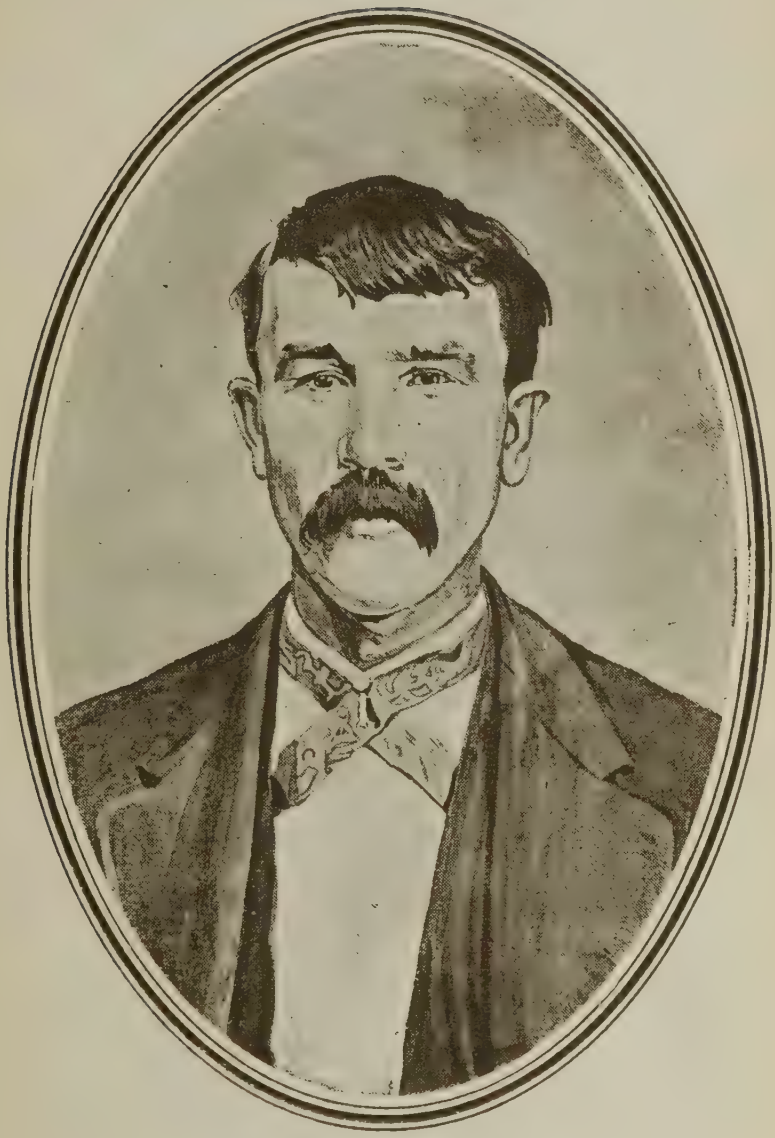
"Pa, he don't like Imogene, 'cause she's a woman's righter and W. C. T. U. One time, after arguin' weth Immy, pa says, 'Well, Im, I hope *I* don't live t' see prohibition,' and Immy, she comes right back weth, 'So do I, Merv, fer you'd be most awful out uh place and lonesome,' she says. That made pa s' mad he jist fairly raired up."

"This here's Billy Perdue, th' grain dealer. He made forty thousand dollars off'm oats and nothin' would do but he must git right t' Chicago and go into th' business big. Pa says, 'Don't yuh never do it, Billy,' he says. 'Them Chicago fellers'll have your ashpan a-draggin' in about a week."

"Well, he went, and about two months after that th' door uh pa's offus opens one mornin' and in comes Billy. He takes a chair by th' stove and says, 'Well, Merv, she's a-draggin',' he says."

"Here's my Uncle Ben, pa's brother. He's editor of th' Yates City Palladium, and he's purty nigh as witty as what pa is, and that's a-sayin' a good deal, I want yuh t' know.

"One time he wrote a piece in th' paper, Uncle Ben did, about how fur it had went. 'We guess,' he says, 'th' supscribers t' this little sheet don't know how fur she journeys every week. She goes t' New York, t' San Francisco, t' Chiny, and some weeks we have trouble t' keep her from goin' t' th' bad place'—only that ain't what *he* called it, yuh know."



"That there's Elmer Boody, a feller 't ust t' live in this town, but now he lives at Kansas. Gramma Sparks and his ma was fourth cousins, I guess it was.

"Onct Elmer got sick and staid that way a long time and didn't git no better, and by-m-by when he went t' Eureky Springs, why he took his grave clothes weth him, he was that discouraged, poor feller. But purty soon he begun t' git better, 'cause they was a young widduh down there that he fell in love weth, and married her. That's her weth him in th' pitchure, took th' day they was married. That suit's th' one he expected t' be laid out in.

"Turn over."

"That's Myron Petty—'th' prize opter-mist,' pa calls him. Talk about countin' yer chickens before they're hatched! Percy counts hisn, pa says, before th' hens is hatched that's a-goin' t' lay th' aigs.

"One time, when My was a-runnin' fer postmaster (he was jist sure he'd git it, but ever'body else knowed he didn't have no chanct), a feller went t' his house one day and ast fer him, and Mrs. Petty says, 'Why, he's around here some 'eres—out t' th' barn, I guess.' So th' feller, he goes t' th' barn and looks around, but My ain't there; then, bein' as he hears a big cacklin' in th' henhouse, he goes and looks in, and there's My, goin' round weth an armful uh cobs and throwin' 'm into th' hens' nests and sayin': 'H. C. Tucker, Ot Burt, William Lucas'—a name ever' time he throwed a cob. Yuh see, he was practicin' disturbitin' th' mail."

"That's Nels Quist. He ust t' be Uncle Jerry Sparks's hired man. Onct he was down t' Peory and he seen some nightshirts in a store winduh, and liked 'm, but he didn't know what they was. He went inside and says, 'How much ban dem shirt?' 'Them's nightshirts,' says th' man. Nels thought he said '*nice* shirts,' and he says, 'Jou *bet*, by gol; Ay'll take two,' he says.

"Well, sir, he took and wore one t' a dance. Pa says when Nels got that long tail tucked into his spring bottom pants he was the comicalest sight yuh ever see. Nels didn't wear no necktie, 'cause that would 'a' hid th' embroid'ry. It said 'good night' on th' buttons. Folks made fun of Nels somethin' awful, and pa says if Nels heard two fellers say 'good night' t' each other after that fer a year they was both liable t' have t' fight him.

"Turn over."

"That there's Dan Twigg, a sort of a cousin, or somethin', of pa's. He's a purty good feller, as a rule, but now 'n' then he will git on a spree, and then he allus gits into trouble. One time, in Peory, he come along t' where there was a lot uh apples in a winduh, and a sign sayin', 'One thousand dollars t' anybody findin' a worm in these apples.' Dan, he goes right in and commences huntin,' and before they ketched him he'd bit open half a bar'l of 'm. He got fined ten dollars fer it, and I think it was kinda mean, 'cause how in 'nation was a feller t' find a worm wethout they let him look fer it?

"Turn over."

"This here's Billy Riley and his wife. He ust t' keep th' Ne Plus Ultry livery-stable down town, and one time when pa was a-feelin' funny he stops in there when there was a crowd uh loafers hangin' round, and sings out t' Billy:

"'Is this Mr. Riley they speak of so highly,
Is this Mr. Riley that keeps th' hotel?'

"And Billy, he says, 'Only fer horses,' he says, 'but yuh kin sleep here ef you're dead set on doin' it.' And he took and throwed pa into a manger and covered him up weth a lot uh old straw. Pa come home jist hoppin' mad, weth his hair and whiskers full uh chaff and stuff, and ma says, 'Merv Peters, won't yuh never learn nothin'?' she says. 'I've allus noticed that jokers is th' poorest hands t' take jokes,' she says."

"That there's Lem Arnold, a cousin uh ma's. He's kind of a meek lookin' feller, but he's got a turribul temper and's allus goin' t' fight somebody. But he allus backs out when th' time comes, though. Pa says Lem's got lots uh valyer but a blamed sight more discreetion, whatever them words means; says, pa does, that Lem's allus a-settin' out t' lick some feller, 'both ends in th' air and stummick draggin' th' ground, like a hog goin' t' war.' Pa's jist a little bit coarse sometimes, *I* think, but ma says all them humorists is.

"There's one thing Lem *can* do, though, when he's a mind tuh, and that's sing. It'd do yer heart good t' hear him sing about Charles Gittaw. It goes like this:

" 'My name is Charles Gittaw,
My name I'll ne'er deny;
I'll leave my dear old par-runts
In sorruh fer t' die.

" 'Oh, little did I think,
When in my youthful bloom,
That to th' scuffle I must go
Fer t' meet my fatal doom.'

"There's more, but I fergit.
"Turn over."

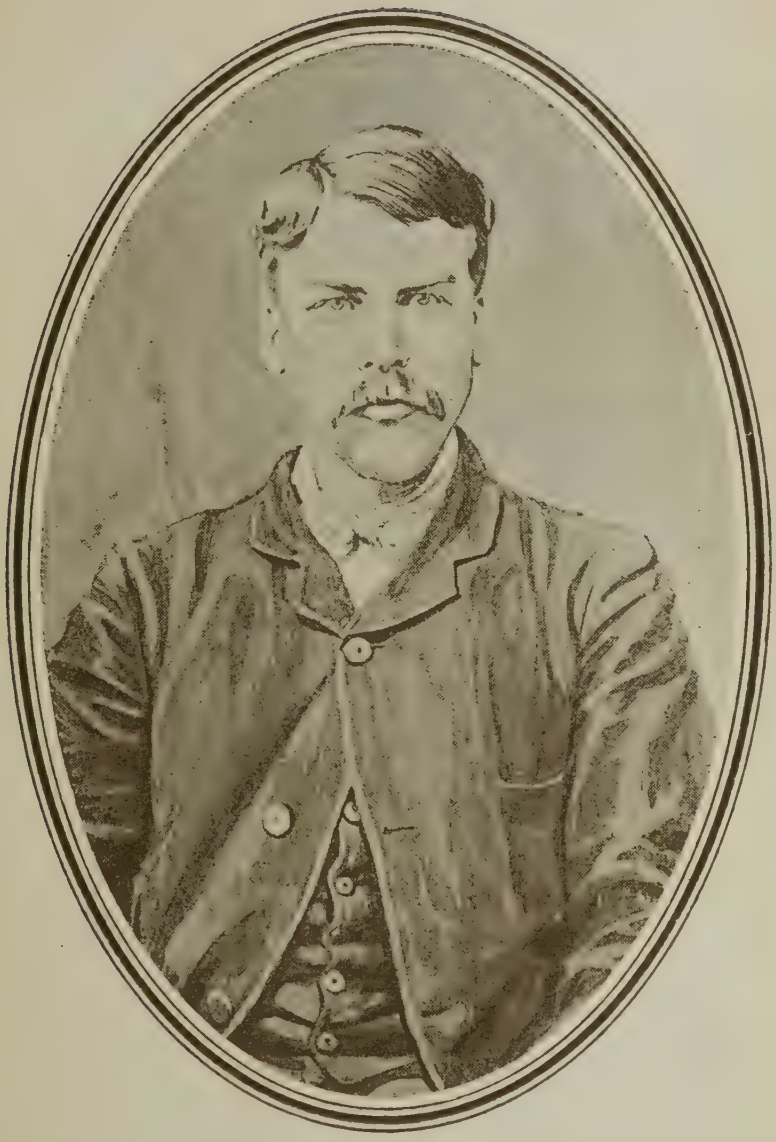
"This here's Donie Sedjwick, th' lady that wore a baird in th' show, y' know. Onct ma was showin' this pitchure t' some comp'ny and she says: 'This is a war-time pitchure of Cousin Donie Sedjwick,' and pa puts in, 'Uh-huh; looks like it; what battles was she in?' Ma, she wouldn't speak t' him all th' rest uh that mortal day.

"Donie, she stood that bairded lady business purty good, but when it played out and Trace took and spotted her up weth blackwalnut juice and had her stand out on th' platform, wrapped up in a leopard skin, while he hollers, 'Wi-i-i-ld Rose, of a Madagascar tribe of head-hunters; considered a great beauty in her own land—but she's a lo-o-ng ways from home,' she wouldn't stand th' show business no more, so they quit and went t' firin' on th' railroad—leastways, Trace did.

"Turn over."

"This here's Fred Peters, Uncle Ben's boy. He's an awful good feller, but fast. Pa says Maud S. is Januhwary m'lasses compared t' him; says Fred's what yuh might call a reg'lar Jim-dandy lobloller.

"One time, why Fred, he went into a revival meetin' one night, and he hadn't set there more'n a minute till he begun t' cry. Then there was a turribul t' do. All th' good people gathered round Fred and prayed fer him and cried weth him, and Fred, he signed th' pledge. Next day Rev'runt Dinwiddie meets Fred on th' street and grabs him by th' hand and says, 'Oh! Brother Peters, you filled our hearts weth joy last night—th' old church never witnessed a more blessed occasion'. And Fred, he smiled a kind of a sickish grin and says, 'Was *that* where I was?' he says."



"Harry Van Pelt, that is. He's a grocer, but pa says a man weth a name like that had ort t' be in th' hide and fur business. Don't ast *me* what *that* means!

"One time Harry and pa and a lot uh other fellers went t' a lodge convention t' Chicago, and one mornin' Mrs. Van Pelt got a telegram from pa, sayin', 'Harry passed away at one o'clock this mornin'. Meet remains on four o'clock train.'

"Well, sir, there was jist a *turribul* crowd t' th' deepo and they hadn't no more'n got th' box off'm th' train till there was a turribul hollerin' and kickin' in it. Th' deepo agent took and prized th' cover off and Harry set up, all dressed in his lodge unyform, weth his orstrich-feather hat tied under his chin and tipped down over one eye. He was th' comicalest lookin' sight yuh ever seen. His wife, she give one look, then she says, 'Well, pa Van Pelt, ef you ain't a fright!" she says. Then she busted out laughin' fit t' kill.

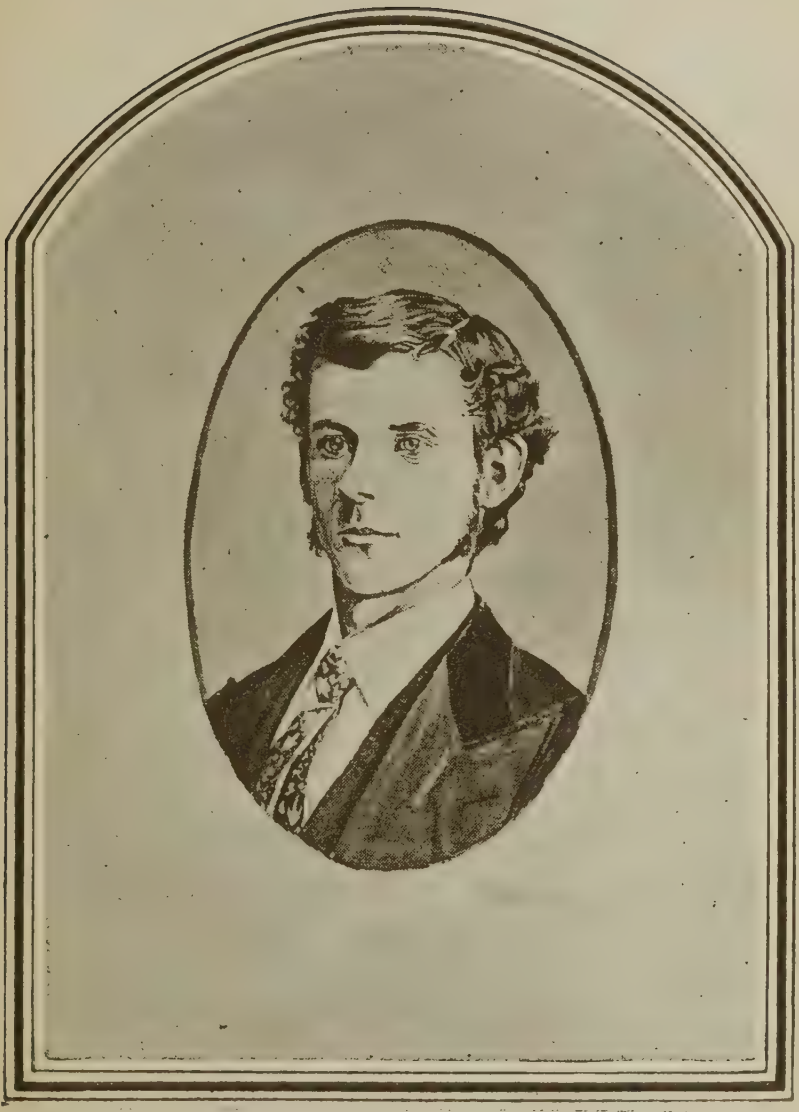
"Pa, he dodged Mrs. Van Pelt fer a spell, but she never was mad at him. Said it served Harry right."

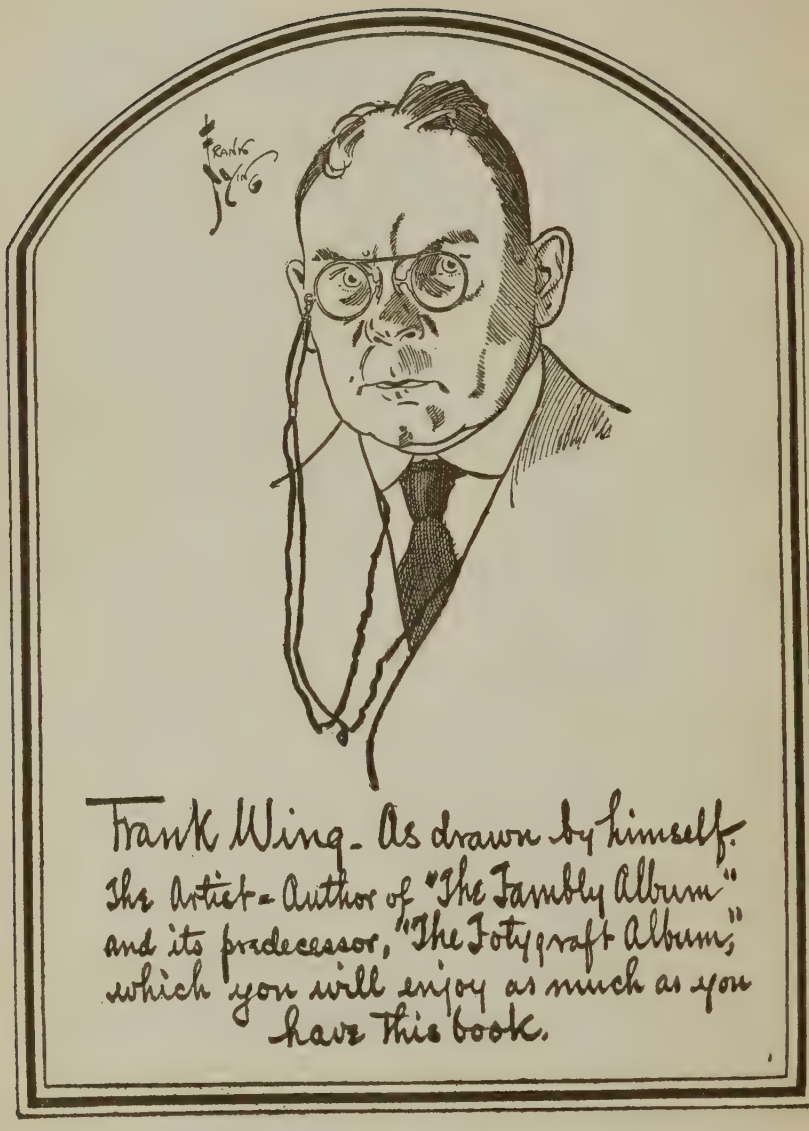
"Het Simpkins. She ust t' work fer Uncle Mel Burgstresser's, but they told her they guessed they wouldn't want her no more and she got mad and quit.

"Turn over."

"Here's Cha'ncey Sparks, ma's cousin, but she ain't s' very proud of it. Yuh see, Chance is crookeder'n a ram's horn. Th' last thing he done was t' put up a lot uh feesh, down t' Copp'-ras Crick dam, in cans, and labeled 'm: 'Finest Sackermento River Salmon, warranted not t' turn pink in th' can.' He's at it yit, and pa says he wouldn't wonder ef he'd make a forchun at it.

"Turn over."





Frank Wing - As drawn by himself.
The Artist - Author of "The Family Album"
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which you will enjoy as much as you
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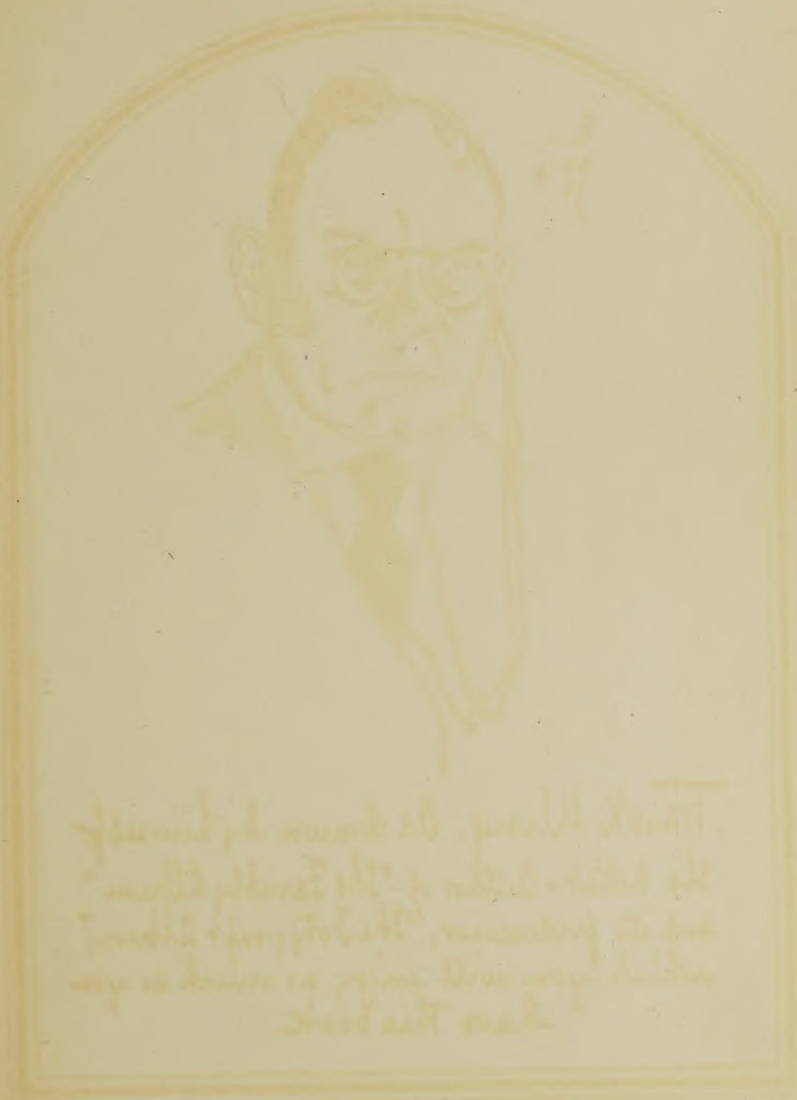

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